

THE
SAMIAHS

[Price One Dollar and Sixpence.]

ST. ALM. 31



THE

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SAMIAN S,

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T A L E.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

MDCC LXXI.

THE

SAMU'LS

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T. A. F.

LONDON:

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall Mall.

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THE
SAMIANS,
A
TALE.

IT was morning: and the priestess
of a temple, consecrated to the
rural deities on the sea-coast of the
island ICARIA, having performed her
accustomed worship, went forth into
an adjoining grove. She was attended
by some of the ministring virgins,
A whom

whom she addressed in the following manner :

“ How pleasant, my daughters, are
“ the smiles of this rising morning !
“ The green hills covered with sheep,
“ the humid verdure of the groves,
“ the meadows variegated with fra-
“ grant blossoms, the clear streams
“ gliding in mazes to the sea, the
“ sparkling sun-beams dancing on the
“ tremulous surface of the main,
“ with the warbling of wild-birds,
“ mingled with the bleating of flocks,
“ and the minstrelsy of the shepherd,
“ convey to the soul, sensations of
“ serene delight. It is not a tumultu-
“ ous joy ; it is a mild, rational
“ delight, congenial with true devo-
“ tion,

“ tion, disposing the heart to good-
“ ness. For true devotion consists
“ not merely in the performance of
“ external rites, in offering sacrifices
“ with customary prayers, or in pour-
“ ing out libations with melodious
“ thanksgiving. The Gods require a
“ holier, a more exalted worship ;
“ they require the worship of the
“ heart, the harmony of our affec-
“ tions, and that we imitate heaven
“ by cherishing a benevolent temper.
“ For what other character have ye
“ discerned in the Gods, but superior
“ power executing the designs of be-
“ nevolence ? Such are the divini-
“ ties presiding in these woodland re-
“ treats. Inhabiting the hills, val-
A 2 “ leys,

4 THE SAMIANS,

“ leys, and meandering streams, they
“ foster and protect the groves, they
“ disperse the pestilential mildews,
“ they repel the blighting gales of
“ the east, they impart moisture to
“ the flowers and herbage, they pre-
“ serve the shepherd and defend the
“ flock. Ye, therefore, who mini-
“ ster in their temple, who present
“ pious oblations at their altars, be
“ ever eminent for dispositions of ge-
“ nuine piety, consisting in gratitude,
“ and resignation towards heaven; in
“ truth, candor, and beneficence to-
“ wards mankind. Ye shall thus be
“ rewarded by the divine favour; by
“ the sweet composure flowing from
“ conscious goodness; and by the
“ confidence and esteem of the virtu-
“ ous.

“ous. An opportunity of improve-
“ment, by giving exercise to the
“amiable qualities of your nature,
“is now presented. Ye know that
“a fair stranger, in the prime of
“youth, hath been shipwrecked on
“our island. The delicacy of her
“form, and the sensibility of her
“temper, seem ill-adapted to contend
“with adversity, and ill-suited to her
“destitute, forsaken state. Anxiety
“destroys her peace, and consumes
“the decaying bloom of her beauty.
“Three days hath she sojourned in
“our island, nor hath yet unfolded
“the secret source of her sorrow.
“Mayhap she puts little confidence
“in our friendship ; for sorrow is

6 THE SAMIANS,

“ often reserved, and will not utter
“ her complaint, but in the bosom of
“ sincere affection. Let us win her
“ confidence by acts of humanity,
“ and pour the balm of comfort on
“ her wounded spirit.”

While she was speaking, they discovered EURYALE sitting beneath a spreading poplar, by the side of a murmuring brook. Her sable tresses hung loose and dishevelled; her bright eyes were swimming in tears, and the roses on her cheek seemed decaying. She sighed from her heart; she lifted her dewy eyes to heaven like one complaining: anon despondent, and overwhelmed with the sense of calamity,
she

she pored fixedly on the running stream.

The priestess accosted her in terms of friendship and tender regard, entreating her to unbosom her sorrows, and assuring her of their willingness to alleviate or remove them. “ My
“ sorrows,” answered EURYALE, arising respectfully, “ can neither be al-
“ leviated nor removed. I shall never
“ enjoy repose till these harrassed limbs
“ and this throbbing bosom are laid
“ motionless in the dust. Soon will
“ that period arrive. Thine will be
“ the task, holy and beneficent
“ priestess, and yours, ye gentle
“ nymphs, to lay my lifeless corse

“ in the grave. Ye will bedew my
“ ashes with your tears ; ye will lament the frowardness of my destiny,
“ and the misfortunes of my youth.”

“ Alas !” said the priestess, “ we
“ are ignorant of your misfortunes ;
“ you put no confidence in our friendship,
“ ship.”

“ I am to blame,” she replied ; “ I
“ have offended against your goodness ; forgive the wanderings of
“ my afflicted heart ; forgive me,
“ and hear the tale of my woes.
“ Though I now wander a forlorn,
“ forsaken fugitive, happier days
“ have I beheld. My father reigns
“ in

“ in SAMOS. The pride, the delight,
“ the comfort of his declining age,
“ I was educated with the daughters
“ of the land, and shared in their gay
“ sports and amusements. Ye flowery
“ banks of IMBRASUS, ye groves, ye
“ resounding rocks, and ye valleys,
“ ere-while the solace of my soul,
“ soft scenes of my youthful pleasures,
“ adieu, for ever adieu! With the
“ maids of SAMOS, armed with a
“ quiver and a bow, I ranged the
“ adjacent forests, and pursued the
“ rapid deer. One day, eager in the
“ chace, I penetrated into the depth
“ of an awful grove. Bewildered
“ amid rocks and thickets, trembling
“ and fatigued, I endeavoured in vain
“ to

10 THE SAMIANS,

“ to recover my path. A band of
“ pyrates, lurking by the sea-side,
“ rushed violently upon me; and un-
“ moved by my shrieks, my tears,
“ and intreaty, would have made me
“ their prey. But a young man, appa-
“ relled like a huntsman, issuing sud-
“ denly from a cavern in an adjacent
“ rock, brandishing a flaming sword,
“ charged them to desist from their
“ violence. Undismayed by their
“ numbers, he fell furiously upon
“ them, and rescued me from their
“ hands. He raised me from the
“ ground, pale, terrified, and faint-
“ ing. Fierce in the combat; to me
“ he was courteous and respectful.
“ He conducted me through the fo-
“ rest

“ rest to my companions. They,
“ anxious and distracted, fearing some
“ mischance had befallen me, receiv-
“ ed me with transports of gladness,
“ and beheld my deliverer with ad-
“ miration. Such was EVANDER,
“ and such the commencement of my
“ woes. His undaunted courage,
“ the gentleness of his demeanor, the
“ courtesy of his speech, and his
“ youthful form, alas ! too comely
“ and engaging, left indelible im-
“ pressions in my bosom. But I knew
“ not that Love had insinuated his
“ poison into my soul : I was a stran-
“ ger to his seducing blandishments ;
“ for no gallant warrior of my father’s
“ court had ever excited my secret

“ sigh, or caught mine eye wandering
“ in amorous glances. That conquest
“ was reserved for EVANDER. By
“ the winding streams, by the rocks
“ and shady groves, I enjoyed his so-
“ ciety ; for he often accompanied us
“ in the chace, and partook of our
“ rural pastime. But one day, with
“ a dejected countenance, he thus ad-
“ dressed me : “ Hard is my destiny !
“ fortune persecutes me with unabat-
“ ing rancour ! Adieu, EURYALE !
“ we are separated for ever. The
“ wrath of thy father is kindled
“ against me ; he pursues my life ;
“ he hath vowed my ruin ; and burns
“ insatiate to embrue his hands in my
“ blood.” Pierced with these unex-
“ pected

“ pected tidings, I flew to my father ;
“ I fell prostrate before him ; I
“ wept ; I strove to deprecate his
“ anger. “ Malice, said I, and calum-
“ niating envy, have aspersed the
“ fame of EVANDER ; let him appear
“ in thy presence ; search his heart ;
“ he is generous ; he is valiant ; me
“ he rescued from ruin : O CLEON !
“ be grateful and humane.” But the
“ ear of CLEON was barred to my
“ entreaty : he spoke of treason and
“ dark machinations, and repulsed me
“ with unusual sternness. Mean-
“ time EVANDER, accompanied with
“ a faithful friend, was preparing
“ for his departure from SAMOS. I
“ offered to be the partner of his
“ flight.

14 THE SAMIANS,

“ flight. Excuse me, holy priestess;
“ if I seem to have acted inconsistent
“ with female modesty and reserve.
“ Consider my motives, consider the
“ state of my mind, and you will ex-
“ cuse me. The presence of my fa-
“ ther, vehemently incensed, instead
“ of inspiring me with respect, awed
“ me with terror. My mind was for
“ ever haunted with the idea of
“ EVANDER’S danger and rigorous
“ persecution: I trembled lest the
“ ministers of CLEON’S vengeance
“ should execute their inhuman pur-
“ pose; and my soul, thus agitated
“ and alarmed, glowed with re-
“ doubled affection. Separated from
“ EVANDER, I conceived no joy in
“ exist-

“ existence ; for he was gentle, and
“ all-pleasing to my soul. Would to
“ heaven he had been ungente ! My
“ pride would then have preserved me ;
“ I would have scorned his inter-
“ course, and no disaster would have
“ befallen us. But mark his gene-
“ rous and noble nature. When I
“ mentioned my fatal purpose, he
“ seemed mortified and astonished.
“ That thou hast subdued my heart,
“ said he, and that separated from
“ thee I shall drag a joyless existence,
“ heaven is my witness ; but heaven
“ forbid that my rash ill-governed
“ passion should so far betray me as
“ to incite, or even permit me, to
“ encourage thy design. Expose not
“ thy

16 THE SAMIANS,

“ thy life to perils, nor thy spotless
 “ purity to the malice of unlicensed
 “ slander. Me the fates persecute
 “ with implacable rigour; and more
 “ to embitter my misfortunes, I have
 “ beheld thee, and admired. Return
 “ to thy father: the gaiety of youth,
 “ the splendor of courtly magnifi-
 “ cence, the respect due to thy rank
 “ and merit, will wear me out of thy
 “ remembrance, and dissipate thy re-
 “ gret.” What need is there for
 “ many words? I heard him with
 “ impatience; I was obstinate in my
 “ resolution; we embarked; a furi-
 “ ous tempest arose; we were ship-
 “ wrecked on your island: and
 “ EVANDER perished in the waves.”

A torrent

A torrent of tears succeeded her narrative. But the priestess perceiving that her apprehensions were entirely conjectural, the suggestions of her alarmed imagination, endeavour'd to pacify her overflowing sorrow. She observed, that her own deliverance was a proof of EVANDER's safety; and dispatched some of the attending virgins to search for him along the neighbouring shores. She then enquired into his condition; whether he was a native of SAMOS, or a stranger; whether he was of mean or illustrious parentage. EURYALE replied, that he was a native of SAMOS; but that his family having incurred the royal displeasure, he had sojourned in the island

18 THE SAMIANS,

of CRETE ; that he ever spoke of his family obscurely, with apparent anxiety and reluctance ; and that, convinced of his innate magnanimity, she had never listened to the calumny of his accusers.

To this the priestess made answer,
“ Though we compassionate thy dis-
“ tress, though we honour thy dis-
“ tinguished rank, and applaud thine
“ amiable unsuspecting candor, we
“ blame thine unwary rashness. Was
“ it well done, for the sake of a
“ stranger, to thwart thy father’s
“ will ? To disobey his commands ?
“ and abandon his old age to de-
“ spair ?” “ That reflection,” said

EURY-

EURYALÈ, “ pierces my heart with
“ anguish. CLEON was tender and
“ indulgent. I was a beam of glad-
“ ness to his soul, chearing his old
“ age, and solacing the infirmi-
“ ties incident to hoary locks.
“ Retiring from courtly pageantry,
“ he delighted in my improvement,
“ and instructed my heart with virtue.
“ O my child !” he would say, his
“ eye glistening with the tear of pa-
“ rental tenderness, “ she who gave
“ thee birth enjoys repose in ELY-
“ SIUM; but by adorning thy soul
“ with wisdom, thou shalt alleviate
“ my sorrow, and comfort my de-
“ clining age.” Ah me ! I have for-
“ ever forfeited my peace; I have aban-

“ doned his old age to despair. Even
 “ now he tears his venerable locks,
 “ deploras my degeneracy, and curses
 “ the hour of my birth. Would to
 “ heaven I had never existed !”

While EURYALE thus bewailed her
 misconduct, one of the ministring vir-
 gins acquainted the priestess, that a
 stranger was approaching the temple.
 “ Gathering flowers,” said the vir-
 gin, “ on the side of that verdant
 “ hill, and preparing garlands for the
 “ altar of PALES, I perceived an
 “ armed vessel anchoring by the shore,
 “ And by a winding path leading
 “ through the grove, an aged stran-
 “ ger is advancing hitherward. His
 “ hoary

“ hoary locks are invested with the
“ ensigns of royalty: his gait is
“ grave and majestic; but his coun-
“ tenance seems clouded with sorrow.
“ Soon as he landed on the sandy
“ beach, with submissive reverence
“ he bent his knee, and worshipped
“ the divinities of the place. He
“ sighed; he stood for some time
“ pensive, and then wiped a tear
“ from his cheek.”

“ It is my father,” cried EURY-
ALE. “ Protect me, holy priestess!
“ counsel and protect me.” “ Con-
“ fide in our friendship,” she re-
plied. “ With due submission, and
“ with arguments enforced with ear-
B 3 “ nestness,

“ nestness, we shall endeavour to dis-
“ arm his resentment, and mollify
“ the rigour of his rebuke. Be thou
“ duly obsequious to thy father; ex-
“ amine thy heart; subdue thine ir-
“ regular inclinations; and correct
“ thy misguided fancy. Above all,
“ commit thy cause to the Gods; they
“ can inspire thee with wise counsel,
“ and dispose thy heart to a suitable
“ temper. Mortals supplicating hea-
“ ven for deliverance from present
“ calamity, entreat that their condition
“ may be changed, and that external
“ events may be accommodated to
“ their desires. Better it were to
“ supplicate heaven for dispositions
“ suited to their condition; and by
“ forti-

“ fortitude and resignation to adapt
“ their own minds to external events.
“ This moral discipline, this genu-
“ ine culture of the heart, improves
“ our nature, and confers indepen-
“ dence.”

Mean time CLEON approaching,
addressed himself thus to the priestess.

“ Holy minister of the Gods ! I am
“ no lawless intruder ; I come with
“ no sacrilegious purpose to invade
“ your hallowed recesses, and pro-
“ fane the sanctuaries of religion. I
“ come a suppliant, in quest of mine
“ only child, who hath fled from her
“ father, and hath been shipwrecked
“ on your island. Where is the fu-

B 4

“ gitive ?

“gitive? the dauntless heroine, who
“braves the perils of the deep, and
“the wrath of an injured parent!
“A few words will suffice; for I
“cannot die in peace till I know
“the cause of her misconduct;
“till I have learned what inhu-
“man usage of mine could have
“compelled her to such proceed-
“ings.”

“Behold the weeping maid,” said
the priestess. “Her bosom heaves
I “with repentant sighs. O king! let
“her penitence procure forgiveness;
“for who can lift up his hands un-
“spotted, and say, I have never
“erred? Interested in the welfare of

“EURY-

EURYALE, whose meek ingenuous nature hath conciliated our friendship, O CLEON! we address thee with freedom. Hast thou not taken counsel from thy resentment? and given heed to the insinuations of envy? From thy daughter's narrative, her deliverer seems generous, candid, and intrepid.—

“Vain tales,” interrupted the king, “have deceived thee. The son of ALCINUS is a traitor, the branch of a corrupted stem.” At the name of ALCINUS the priestess grew pale; but endeavoured to repress and conceal her emotion. “ALCINUS,” continued CLEON, “was
5 “the

“ the companion of my early days.
“ Of the same age, of congenial
“ dispositions, we followed similar
“ pursuits, and reaped glory in the
“ field of battle. Our mutual at-
“ tachment continued long inviolate.
“ Reposing entire confidence in his
“ fidelity, I promoted him to distin-
“ guished pre-eminence. But ambi-
“ tion shedding baneful influence on
“ his heart, corrupted his integrity,
“ and infatuated his judgment. He
“ endeavoured to wrest the sceptre
“ from the hand of his sovereign,
“ and conspired against my life. But
“ being apprized of his treasonable
“ designs, I defeated their execution.
“ JUNO, the patroness of our island,
“ beheld

“ beheld the impending danger ; she
“ descended powerful from OLYMPUS,
“ and aided mine uplifted arm. I
“ crushed the malicious serpent in his
“ guilt. His life paid the forfeit of
“ his disloyalty ; and his adherents
“ were exiled or dispersed. All his
“ children fell by the sword, except
“ an infant son, who was rescued by
“ some zealous followers. He grew
“ up to man’s estate an outlawed exile,
“ to be the ruin of my family, and
“ the scourge of mine old age. Prin-
“ ciple in revenge, he repaired se-
“ cretly to Samos ; wandered con-
“ cealed among rocks and forests ;
“ and, ingenious in his vengeance,
“ seduced the heart of my child. He
“ hath

“ hath stabbed me in the vitals.—

“ But it is not the malice of mine

“ adversary that afflicts me : it is that

“ EURYALE, mine only child, on

“ whom I lavished my tenderness,

“ the solace and support of my de-

“ clineing age ; it is that EURYALE

“ should betray me. O EURYALE !

“ is it a small matter to overwhelm

“ thy hoary parent with anguish ?

“ To break my heart ? To bring con-

“ tempt on my gray hairs ? To ex-

“ pose me to the bitter scorn of mine

“ enemies ? To satisfy, on my head,

“ their implacable vengeance ? And

“ send me to the grave with despair ?

“ For this, have I indulged pleasing

“ dreams of thy prosperity ? For

“ this,

“ this, have I loved thee as my soul ?
“ Formed thee for happiness ? and
“ held thee forth as a pattern of ac-
“ complished excellence ? I may for-
“ give thee, and extenuate thine of-
“ fence ; even the world may forgive
“ thee, and the tongue of censure be
“ silent : but, EURYALE, there is
“ that in thy bosom will never for-
“ give thee. Thou hast planted a
“ thorn in thy heart ; thy thoughts,
“ thine inward counsels, will for ever
“ accuse, persecute, and condemn
“ thee. But follow thy destiny, and
“ see if the world will prove a kinder
“ parent than CLEON. I shall not
“ long disquiet thee ; for I am an old
“ man, on the brink of the grave.
“ O thou

30 THE SAMIANS,

“ O thou hast an obdurate heart !
“ Canst thou bear to behold mine
“ anguish ? Is it seemly to see me
“ weep ? To see an old man weeping
“ for his fallen child, and that child
“ regardless of his sorrow ? I cannot
“ bless thee.”—

“ Slay me !” she cried, falling
prostrate before him ; “ let my life
“ expiate my offences. I am unwor-
“ thy of thy forgiveness. Do with
“ me according to thy pleasure ; but
“ O pierce not my heart with up-
“ braiding !” He raised her, weep-
ing, from the ground. Moved with
her submission and melting penitence,
he consoled her ; and with persuasive
tender-

tenderness proposed her immediate return. She complied; and with the overflowing warmth of her affection, called heaven to ratify her consent. "And now," said CLEON to the priestess, who assumed an air of composure ill-suited to the distracted state of her mind, "To the Gods who have
" put a period to my woes, I will
" offer sacrifice and grateful libations.
" Holy priestess! while I hasten to
" my vessel, anchored behind this
" consecrated grove, to bring the
" fruits of SAMOS, and the exhilarat-
" ing juice of the grape, solace the
" troubled soul of EURYALE, and
" confirm her in her pious intention."

He

He departed. But EURYALE continued pensive, her tearful eye fixed on the ground, her heart contending with fore anxiety. At length, heaving a sigh, "Forego, idle heart," she cried, "forego thy disquietude. "EVANDER, perished in the deep."—"Banish him for ever from thy remembrance," interrupted the priestess, "Dangerous will prove the memory of EVANDER, and of pernicious influence to thy repose. Remember thine engagements to "CLEON: were they not sealed and "ratified by a vow?" "Alas!" answered the princess, "ye know not "the virtues of that gallant youth. "For me hath his fair fame been
" asperfed :

“ aspersed: for me hath he under-
“ gone the rigour of persecution; pe-
“ rished in the destroying deep for
“ me! Never, O never from my
“ faithful bosom shall his beloved
“ image depart. He shall be pre-
“ sent at every hour, and at every
“ season. The flowers of the field,
“ and every tree of the forest, shall
“ renew his remembrance. And when
“ winds and tempests let loose their
“ fury on the main, I shall beat my
“ bosom, and mourn his unhappy
“ fate.”

While she was speaking, one of the
nymphs, sent in quest of EVANDER,
returned with an account of his safety.

C

“ He

34 THE SAMIANS,

“ He lives! he lives!” cried the
princess, “ I shall again behold him!”
So saying, she flew through the grove,
followed by some of the virgins; for
the priestess, agitated by violent emo-
tions, was unable to counsel or pre-
vent her.

“ Now,” said that venerable ma-
tron, “ let me give utterance to
“ my woes. Now let my sorrows
“ flow unrestrained. The widow of
“ ALCINUS, the mother of the luck-
“ less EVANDER, hath sufficient cause
“ to lament. O my son! the son of
“ an illustrious sire, the heir of his
“ misfortunes, how my bowels yearn
“ to embrace thee! to feast mine
“ eyes

“ eyes in beholding thee ! and in
“ thine aspect to trace the lineaments
“ of thy father ! Thy father moul-
“ ders in the dust ; the tender, the
“ lamented husband, lies cold and
“ silent in the grave. Bear witness,
“ ye omniscient Gods ! he fell by the
“ arts of envy ; his integrity was un-
“ blemished, yet his name hath been
“ branded with infamy, and the me-
“ mory of the dead rendered odious.
“ Grant me patience, O heaven !
“ and resignation to thy holy will !
“ I saw the blood welling from his
“ gored bosom. I saw my children
“ inhumanly massacred. I was car-
“ ried speechless from the distracting
“ scene. An helpless infant, clinging

“ to his mother’s breast, was torn
“ from my embraces. It was he !
“ it was EVANDER ! O my child !
“ painful was that separation ! And
“ have thy tender years been aban-
“ doned to strangers ? No gentle
“ kindred to succour the weakness of
“ thine infant state ! No parent to
“ cherish and protect thee ! No
“ maternal endearments hast thou
“ known.”

Here a copious flood of tears afforded her some relief. The attending virgins were filled with awe and astonishment : they shed their sympathetic sorrows in silence, nor intruded on the solemnity of her woe.

Her

Her grief subsiding, she thus resumed her narration. “ I could no longer
“ bear to abide in SAMOS. Friend-
“ less, indigent, and unprotected, I
“ reposed my sole confidence in the
“ goodness of heaven ; and retiring
“ privately to the island ICARIA, I
“ applied myself to the arts invented
“ by PALLAS, and earned a liveli-
“ hood by the use of the distaff. My
“ first endeavours were to appease
“ my sorrow, and suppress in my
“ heart the motions of unavailing re-
“ sentment. Hard was mine inward
“ contention, and painful were the
“ pangs I endured. Yet, by sincere
“ and frequent devotion, by trusting
“ to the benignity of heaven, and by

“ employing myself in acts of bene-
“ fidence, as far as my condition
“ enabled me, I established in my
“ heart a temper of meekness, hu-
“ mility, and resignation, productive
“ of the composure I have long en-
“ joyed. The sanctity of my man-
“ ners, with some skill in medicinal
“ herbs, procured me the esteem of
“ the shepherds. And though they
“ were ignorant of my quality, they
“ promoted me to officiate in their
“ temple. Much hath this holy
“ ministry contributed to my repose.
“ Engaged in the service of heaven,
“ I felt the divine influence operat-
“ ing upon my soul, composing my
“ disordered affections, mellowing
“ my

“ my sorrows to a pleasing melan-
“ choly, and by disposing me to imi-
“ tate the benignity of heaven, dif-
“ fusing through my soul the sweet
“ ineffable delight annexed to the
“ exercise of benevolence. I solaced
“ my grief for ALCINUS and my in-
“ nocent children, by reflecting on
“ the happiness they enjoyed in ELY-
“ SIUM, and by my hopes of rejoin-
“ ing them in that blissful abode.
“ But now all my griefs are renewed!
“ All the fountains of my sorrows
“ are opened! My son survives,
“ alas! to be persecuted. He sur-
“ vives, but perhaps the virtues of
“ his fire are extinguished; perhaps
“ he survives infamous and degene-

“ rate. Hath instruction beamed light
“ on his soul, promoting his virtues,
“ and impregnating his breast with
“ wisdom? Or hath he been aban-
“ doned to the tyranny of ungovern-
“ ed passions, and the contagious
“ commerce of the profane? Ah me!
“ if his humble indigence hath de-
“ graded the generous principles of
“ his nature, preventing the growth
“ of independent virtue, and debas-
“ ing his heart with deceit, perfidy,
“ and licentiousness, it were better he
“ had never existed. But if he hath
“ profited in the school of adversity,
“ preserving his probity without a
“ stain, and fortifying his mind with
“ manly resolution, heaven will in-
“ terpose

“ terpose in his favour, and miti-
“ gate the severity of his lot. Yet
“ a little while will I do violence to
“ my affection, and till I have pene-
“ trated his character, and scanned
“ the features of his mind, I will
“ conceal myself from his knowledge,
“ May heaven enable me to persevere
“ with resolution and constancy in
“ this perilous trial. O heaven ! on
“ this important trial depends my
“ happiness or utter misery !”

Scarcely had the priestess ended,
and wiped some remaining tears from
her cheek, when EVANDER drew nigh
the temple. Having accidentally met
some of CLEON's attendants, he was
told

told that EURYALE, having escaped the shipwreck, was reconciled to her father, and was now embarking for SAMOS. This intelligence having cast him into an agony of contending passions, his first resolution was to recover the princess, or perish in the attempt. But a moment's recollection determined him to a different procedure. And the consecrated grove being of considerable extent, covering some little hills, and perplexed with a variety of intricate mazes, he had missed EURYALE, who continued her search through the vale. He was accompanied by a young man, the companion of his adventures. Advancing to the priestess, his greeting was expressed

expressed with reverence, and his aspect wore the semblance of respectful modesty.

“ I come,” said he, “ to prefer
“ thanksgiving and supplications in
“ this holy temple, and bind myself
“ with a solemn vow.” “ Your intention is pious,” replied the priestess.
“ But vows, though sometimes necessary, are often rash. Beware of
“ calling heaven to witness, till you
“ have weighed maturely the reasons of
“ your proceeding, and are convinced
“ upon rational grounds of its expediency. Reflect on the reverence
“ due to the rulers of the universe;
“ reflect that the human mind and
“ external

“ external circumstances are constant-
“ ly changing. Purge thy soul from
“ every violent emotion. Resolu-
“ tions founded upon passion are
“ transient ; they disappear when the
“ internal tumult subsides ; they va-
“ nish when the mind resumes her
“ serenity, and leave no traces of
“ their existence. So the gay colours,
“ impressed on the bosom of a watery
“ cloud, shining for a time, and ex-
“ hibiting the most perfect symme-
“ try, are dissipated with the falling
“ shower, and dispersed with the
“ scattered vapours. My office au-
“ thorizes me to enquire into the na-
“ ture and motives of your resolu-
“ tion, before I consent to its rati-
“ fication

“ fication by a solemn calling of the
“ Gods to witness.”

EVANDER, in return, gave a brief account of his parentage, and of the disasters of his father's house. He narrated how some faithful adherents rescued him from the rage of CLEON, and entrusted him to some CRETAN mariners; and that the master of the vessel, fearing the Gods, and moved with compassion for his helpless infancy, committed him to the care of his kinsman, who possessed herds and flocks in a flowery vale of Mount IDA. “ The natives of that sequestered retreat,” continued EVANDER, “ were distinguished for the primitive

“ mitive simplicity of their manners;
“ and renewed the memory of the
“ golden age. Free from avarice and
“ ambition, they lived innocent of
“ the crimes flowing from these ma-
“ lignant passions. Here, in the
“ vales, and on the sunny hills, I
“ pastured my flock, and enjoyed
“ every rural pastime. But in pro-
“ cess of time, having learned the
“ history of my parentage, and of the
“ ruin of my father’s house, painful
“ reflections arose, and gave birth to
“ corroding anxiety. Yet it was neither
“ pride nor ambition, nor the desire
“ of wealth, that occasioned my dis-
“ quietude. Accustomed to the pure
“ felicity of the pastoral life, I felt no
“ longings

“ longings after the fame of pre-
“ eminence; for care haunts the
“ mansions of grandeur, and vice is
“ the attendant of luxury. But I
“ was ignorant of the fate of AL-
“ THEA, of her who gave me birth.
“ I knew not whether she perished
“ with ALCINUS, or survived the
“ wreck of her ruined family. My
“ heart pined with anxiety lest her
“ widowed, unprotected old age,
“ should fall a prey to unrelenting
“ oppression. Mayhap, said I, re-
“ duced to indigence and contempt,
“ she suffers the insults and injuries of
“ an evil world: no husband to pro-
“ tect her! no child to afford her
“ relief! Sighing unpitied, uncon-
“ soled,

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“ soled, over the remembrance of her
 “ former prosperity ! Languishing
 “ perchance, friendless, and unreliev-
 “ ed, on a sick-bed ! Sinking in
 “ sorrow to the grave ! none to com-
 “ fort her desponding spirit ! to
 “ receive her parting sigh, and per-
 “ form due obsequies to her remains !
 “ Ye glades, ye gloomy groves of
 “ Mount Ida, ye have witnessed my
 “ lamentation, ye have heard my
 “ complaint. Wandering on the
 “ lonely mountain, or laid sorrowful
 “ by a murmuring stream, I poured
 “ forth my soul in secret, and in-
 “ dulged the anguish of my heart.
 “ Often exhausted with grief, sleep
 “ hath overshadowed me ; and vi-
 “ sions

“ fions of my parents sorrow for ever
“ haunted my repose. Thus afflicted, I
“ determined, at all hazards, to make
“ enquiry into her condition. I re-
“ paired secretly to SAMOS, with the
“ friend and promoter of my voyage,
“ and offered sacrifice to JUNO, the
“ tutelar goddess of the SAMIANS:
“ but my labours were all ineffectual.
“ With shame, holy priestess, I pur-
“ sue the sequel of my narrative;
“ and with confusion rehearse the
“ weakness of my infatuated heart.
“ Could ye believe that the daughter
“ of CLEON, the daughter of mine
“ adversary, of him who spilt the
“ blood of ALCINUS, and exposed
“ ALTHEA to the sorrows of widow-

D

“ hood,

“ hood, could have kindled love in
“ my breast? But she was beaute-
“ ous as the beam of the morning;
“ she was mild, modest, and inge-
“ nuous; and more to enflame my
“ passion, her own heart glowed with
“ reciprocal tenderness. O fatal pas-
“ sion! source of disquietude and
“ endless sorrow! For me she in-
“ curred the wrath of her father;
“ for me became a fugitive; exposed
“ her life to the perils of shipwreck,
“ and her unsullied fame to reproach.
“ Her sufferings afflict me; there-
“ fore mark my design. CLEON hath
“ arrived in ICARIA; he is reconciled
“ to EURYALE, who, persuaded of
“ my death, or yielding to the au-
“ thority

"thority of her parent, is now em-
 "barking for SAMOS. My reason,
 "moreover, convinces me, that our
 "mutual repose, if ever I shall en-
 "joy repose, depends on our separa-
 "tion; for unsurmountable obstacles
 "are opposed to our union. Yet my
 "heart rebels. O think what it is
 "to eradicate a powerful passion!
 "to be for ever banished from the
 "pleasing object of my affection! no
 "more, alas, to hear her sweet con-
 "versation, nor dwell on her en-
 "chanting smile!—My intention,
 "therefore, is to call heaven to the
 "assistance of reason; and purposing
 "to renounce EURYALE, to ratify
 "my design with a vow."

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“ I am not a stranger,” answered
ALTHEA, “ to the commencement
“ of your passion. It was unfortu-
“ nate, but you are excusable. The
“ merit of EURYALE is unquestioned.
“ The circumstances of your first
“ meeting were singular, and tended
“ to surprize affection. Nor is the
“ heart, when sorrowful and deject-
“ ed, insensible to the impressions of
“ love, or indisposed to its tender
“ blandishment. It finds relief in
“ the change, and indulges in the
“ new-born passion. But one diffi-
“ culty must be removed: Is it con-
“ sistent that a shepherd-boy should
“ reason with acute discernment, and
“ observe with deep penetration ?

“ Who hath instructed or inspired
“ thee?”

To this EVANDER replied, “ In
“ the winding valleys, and peaceful
“ retreats of solitude, hoary-headed
“ shepherds converse with wisdom.
“ Eminent for the probity of their
“ hearts, and the simplicity of their
“ manners, they are admitted to the
“ secret recesses and dripping caves
“ of the DRYADS, OREADS, and
“ Nymphs of the current streams.
“ Thus their minds are exalted by
“ sublime conversation ; and by
“ strains of celestial melody, their
“ desires are purified and harmo-
“ nized. They are skilled in the
D 3 “ virtues

“ virtues of every herb in the forest,
“ and of every blossom that enamels
“ the vale. They know the qualities
“ of every fountain flowing from the
“ creviced rock. But above all,
“ they are instructed in the true esti-
“ mate of human enjoyments, and
“ learn to put a proper value on
“ every object of our pursuits. Thus
“ they know what desires may be
“ gratified, what habits may be con-
“ tracted, and what propensities re-
“ ceive encouragement. Happily for
“ me these venerable sages had com-
“ passion on my orphan state; they
“ found me docile, and infused wis-
“ dom into my soul. Retiring to the
“ lonely valley, I have listened with
“ rapture

“ rapture to their moral discourse.
“ They compared Ambition to a rag-
“ ing torrent, swelled with descend-
“ ing rains, deluging the flowery
“ pastures, and destroying the golden
“ harvests. They compared Envy,
“ Malice, and their pernicious effects
“ in poisoning the heart, and cor-
“ rupting every opening of affec-
“ tion, to those envenomed reptiles
“ that prey on the tender blossom.
“ And they said, an innocent, inge-
“ nuous, and beneficent mind, resem-
“ bled a fertile valley, smiling with
“ fragrant flowers, watered with me-
“ anderine streams, and refreshed
“ with the dews of heaven. But alas!
“ what was wisdom to a distempered

“ spirit? In all their sage doctrine,
“ they had no medicine to cure an-
“ xiety, or assuage the increasing pains
“ of my heart. The sufferings and
“ helpless state of my parent for ever
“ haunted my afflicted fancy. I sunk
“ under the pressure of sorrow, and
“ wished for death to relieve me,
“ LYCON, the constant friend of my
“ youth, endeavoured to raise my
“ desponding spirit, and to inspire me
“ with magnanimity. He counselled
“ me to visit SAMOS, and offered to
“ accompany me in my voyage. I
“ followed his course; but alas! in
“ vain.”

“ Not in vain,” cried ALTHEA,
falling on his neck, bursting into tears,
and

and embracing him, " O my son!
" may heaven, that restores thee to
" be the comfort of thine aged pa-
" rent, preserve thee, and reward
" thy virtue. My son, my son!
" thy mother, whom thou hast pi-
" ously sought and lamented, clasps
" thee to her bosom, and gives thee
" the blessing of her heart. But we
" are beset with many perils. The
" enemies of thy father pursue thee."
" And let them pursue," said EVAN-
DER, " let them burn with unhallow-
" ed fury ; mine arm shall protect
" thee from insult : who hath injured
" or oppressed thee ?" " The Gods,"
answered ALTHEA, " have pitied and
" preserved me. I ministered in their
" sanctuary,

“sanctuary, and they have granted
“peace to their servant.”

Mean time CLEON was advancing towards them. He knew not the person of EVANDER, whom he had never seen; but had been informed of EURYALE's relapse. “Again,” he cried, “this insidious caitiff hath
“practised successful guile. Again
“my child—but she is no child of
“mine. I will tear her from my bosom. Rank weed! faithless and
“abandoned to the deceiver. Arch
“deceiver! he now glories in my
“shame! triumphs in his revenge!
“And shall the race of ALCINUS
“triumph? triumph in the dishonour
“nour

“nour of CLEON! By heaven it
“shall not be. This good steel shall
“reek with his blood, as it reeked
“with the blood of his father.” So
saying, he flung through the grove.

The soul of EVANDER was in a
flame. But the priestess, with so-
lemn entreaty, appeased his awakened
anger. “Beware,” she said, “be-
“ware of impetuous passion. Defile
“not thy soul with blood. He is
“thy sovereign; an old man misled
“by prejudice; the father of the
“maid thou lovest.” “Hapless EU-
“RYALE,” said EVANDER. “Where
“wanders the afflicted maid? Who
“will comfort and protect her?”
“That

“ That office shall be mine,” answered ALTHEA; “ for much it concerns
“ us to compose her disorder, and
“ to appease the wrath of her father.
“ Mean time, my son, retire into the
“ temple, and implore the divine
“ protection. My foreboding heart
“ foresees some sudden change in our
“ lot. Circumstances are fast con-
“ curring, and important will be the
“ consequence. Now is the time for
“ prudence and deliberate conduct.
“ Let no violent passion preside in
“ thy soul. Let not resentment over-
“ power thy reason. Convinced by
“ recent experience of the divine su-
“ perintendence, refrain from out-
“ rage, and commit thy cause to the
“ Gods.”

“ Gods.” Having thus spoken, she departed.

But LYCON, the associate of EVANDER, entertained sentiments of a different complexion. Of an intrepid, disinterested spirit, he was zealous in his attachments, and keen in his resentment; possessing lively sensations of injury, with some pregnant seeds of ambition. The ungoverned deportment of CLEON, and the intemperance of his reproach, irritated his anger. He saw him unattended, and in the power of EVANDER. His imagination, fired with this idea, pursued its consequences through the different events of his friend's avenging himself

self by the death of the king, of his marriage with the princess, and his elevation to the throne. Thus animated, he resolved to enflame his soul with resentment ; but having witnessed the solemn charge of the priestess, he conducted his design with caution. He spoke in obscure and ambiguous terms ; he represented CLEON fierce and inexorable, furiously vindictive, and unreasonably incensed : he then hinted reproach against those feeble forgiving spirits who submit tamely to oppression, and seem incapable of manly resentment. He observed, that when Opportunity smiled, her smiles were not to be neglected ; once neglected, they could never be regained.

“ I read

“ I read thy purpose,” EVAN-
DER ; “ I read it in thy fiery eye and
“ impassioned gesture. I scan the
“ studied and mysterious difficulty of
“ thy words. I deem thee my friend.
“ I have proved thee in adversity.
“ Thou hast sympathized with my
“ sorrows. Thou hast accompanied
“ and succoured me in every peril.
“ O then be careful of my fame, be
“ tender of my bosom’s repose. Per-
“ plexed with various suggestions, I
“ feel my reason embarrassed. Now
“ the counsels of a friend have power.
“ My soul is in thy hands. I adjure
“ thee, therefore, by our friendship,
“ incite me to no unseemly proceed-
“ ing, to no deed prejudicial to my
“ peace.

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" peace. He is my foe, my invete-
 " rate vindictive foe; he pursues my
 " life, he calumniates my unfulled
 " fame: occasion smiles, and wooes
 " me to the deed—What deed? to
 " defile my hands with the blood
 " of an old man! To strew his ve-
 " nerable locks in the dust! He too
 " an anointed sovereign! The father
 " of a numerous people! and of Eu-
 " RYALE! of her whom my soul
 " adores! Away! away! it were a
 " barbarous deed! Mankind would
 " abhor me. I should abhor myself!"

" And is this," answered LYCON
 with disdain, " is this thy vaunted
 " boldness? Is this thine undaunted
 " man-

“manhood? To sigh, and say, How
“pitiful it is! Was that old man
“moved with pity, when like a ty-
“ger of the desert, he tore thy fa-
“ther’s bowels? exposed his mang-
“led body to the fowls of heaven!
“stained his hands in the blood of
“thy brethren! and compelled the
“widowed ALTHEA, indigent and
“forlorn, to forsake the land of her
“fathers?”

Paleness suffused the cheek of
EVANDER; he trembled in every
limb. “Go, feeble boy!” continued
the CRETAN, “for I will speak un-
“reserved from the feelings of my
“vexed, indignant heart; vexed to

E

“fee

“ see the man I chose for my friend
“ insulted, injured, and reviled; and
“ with tame submission revere the
“ chastening rod. Go, crave for-
“ giveness of that mighty monarch;
“ confess thyself a traitor; bare thy
“ breast, and bid him lift his unre-
“ lenting arm and smite thee to the
“ heart, even as he smote thy father.
“ Thou hast a woman’s soul.”

“ My venerable, injured, slaugh-
“ tered father !” said EVANDER :
“ was my soul forgetful of thy
“ wrongs ? Forgive thine unworthy
“ son. The hoary tyrant lives ! he
“ glories in his crimes ! But his
“ glory

“glory shall be transient ! Thine in-
“juries shall be revenged.”

“There spoke the son of ALCI-
“NUS,” said LYCON. “Go, gal-
“lant youth, revenge thy wrongs !
“give peace to the troubled ghost
“of thy father ; plunge thy steel in
“the tyrant’s breast ; give his ashes
“to the winds, and his bones to the
“bleaching rains ; let his spirit wail
“by the gloomy Cocytus, and reap
“the fruits of thy manhood.”

EVANDER paused, hesitated, sighed :
“O at this distracting moment the
“arrow of death were welcome !
“The earth trembled ! All nature
E 2 “ seems

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“ seems aghast ! Heaven, send thy
 “ lightning ! O pierce my afflicted
 “ bosom ! Deliver me from this an-
 “ xiety. O LYCON ! LYCON ! what
 “ a tumult thou hast stirred in my
 “ soul ! If thou hast prompted me
 “ to a deed of destruction, vengeance
 “ will overtake thee. To retaliate
 “ and revenge the wrongs of my fa-
 “ ther, that is the cause ! Bear wit-
 “ nefs, heaven and earth, that is the
 “ cause. And will my father rejoice ?
 “ Shall I thus recal life to his scat-
 “ tered ashes, and reinstate him in
 “ his former splendor ? Or is he
 “ miserable unavenged ? Is this the
 “ happiness of ELYSIUM ? Is this the
 “ lot of the virtuous who fall by the

“ shafts of envy? It cannot be. If
 “ there is independence in virtue, if
 “ there is justice in heaven, it cannot
 “ be. But that there is independence
 “ in virtue, I am assured; for I feel
 “ it. That there is justice in heaven,
 “ am convinced; for I conceive it:
 “ and can mortals conceive what Om-
 “ nipotence cannot execute? Free
 “ from corporeal infirmities, puri-
 “ fied from earthly desires, superior
 “ to the craft of malice, the spirits
 “ of the blessed regard injustice with
 “ pity. Incapable of being injured,
 “ they feel no resentment; for re-
 “ sentment arises from pain, and pain
 “ implies imbecillity. But perhaps
 “ my own sufferings require repara-
 “ tion.

“ tion. And what are my sufferings ?
“ Free from remorse, free from am-
“ bition, conscious of my integrity,
“ rejoicing in the peace of ALTHEA,
“ convinced of the supreme felicity
“ of ALCINUS, I confide in the Gods,
“ who have hitherto preserved me.
“ I feel my independence. I feel a
“ counsellor in my bosom, that bids
“ me scorn resentment, and trample
“ on revenge. CLEON cannot injure
“ my repose. Unhappy CLEON !
“ his heart boils with resentment, and
“ is shaken with the dread of merited
“ punishment. Misled by false opi-
“ nions of glory, he is cast down
“ with imagined disgrace. He tastes
“ no enjoyment in life ; and his high
“ station

“ station embitters his anguish. Un-
“ happy CLEON ! would to heaven I
“ could relieve thee !”

At that instant CLEON rushed suddenly past them, not perceiving himself observed. With a look wild and frantic, his eye flashed with unhallowed fire; transfixed with distraction, and grasping his sword in his right-hand, he stops; pauses; points the gleaming steel to his breast: “ Ye Gods,” he cries, “ ye partial Gods, ye compel me to this deed of destruction.” “ Arrest thy hand,” cried EVANDER, advancing hastily; “ forego thine un-
“ righteous purpose; arraign not the
“ justice of heaven.” “ Unlicensed
E 4 “ youth,”

“youth,” answered CLEON, starting with wild amazement, “intrude not.”

But EVANDER, with a respectful demeanor, laying hold on his right-hand, besought him: “Have mercy
“on thy soul! it is a deed thou
“canst never retrieve; abhorred by
“mortals and immortals. It grieves
“me to behold thy despair. Would
“to heaven I could console thee!
“O have mercy on thy soul, and
“abstain from thy horrid intention!”

CLEON, moved with his earnest and unfeigned compassion, replied, “Tho’
“a stranger, thou pitiest me! Were I
“only pitied where I ought to be re-
“spected, I were not driven to this
“excess.

“ excess. Away, young man, I can
“ bear no more ! O what this afflic-
“ ted heart hath suffered ! I am
“ tired of life : it hath become un-
“ supportable. Death will relieve
“ me : the grave will afford me re-
“ pose.”

“ Who told thee so ?” said EVAN-
DER. “ What stranger, returning
“ from that awful bourn, hath ad-
“ ministered peace to thy trembling
“ heart, and bid thee fear no dan-
“ ger ? Prove that thy sufferings
“ are too severe to be capable of in-
“ crease ; prove that no possible
“ change in thy condition can aggra-
“ vate thine affliction ; then urge
“ thine

“ thine excuse. But thou canst not.
“ Even in thy present state, added
“ to thine actual misery, torments
“ tearing the delicate texture of thy
“ veins, loathsome distemper, cap-
“ tivity, and thralldom, might have
“ overwhelmed thee. Plunge not,
“ therefore, into another state of ex-
“ istence, till thou hast proved all
“ the ills of the present: fly not for
“ refuge to a tremendous uncertain-
“ ty; worse things may befall thee.
“ Who would not blame the mari-
“ ner, if overtaken by a storm in the
“ wide ocean, he steered his vessel
“ to an unknown shore; exposing
“ his valuable cargo to be shipwreck-
“ ed on rocks and hidden shelves,
“ rather

“ rather than persevere with steadiness;
“ and, by exerting his skill, elude
“ or withstand the tempest? Exert
“ thy fortitude; pour the balm of
“ patience on thy bruised spirit. For-
“ titude and patience were given thee
“ for the day of danger: useless else;
“ useless in the paths of peace and
“ security. Forgive me, royal stran-
“ ger, if my arguments seem offen-
“ sive. Forgive me, if zeal to pre-
“ serve thine old age from ruin, ani-
“ mate my speech with unbecoming
“ freedom. Know that the miseries
“ of mankind often flow from an
“ internal origin, from the habits
“ and dispositions of the mind. For
“ if our hearts are vitiated by evil
“ passions,

“ passions, and our reason blinded
“ by false opinion, we foster in our
“ breasts the principles of discontent
“ and despondency. If we conceive
“ illicit desires, if we pursue unat-
“ tainable enjoyments, and are af-
“ flicted with imaginary sufferings,
“ we become morose, anxious, and
“ despondent ; for anxiety begets de-
“ spair. We cherish a wayward,
“ gloomy, and unsocial humour.
“ Our taste for happiness becomes
“ extinct. Hideous spectres arise,
“ haunting, menacing, and pursuing
“ us. For Imagination, the hireling
“ of Opinion, conjures legions of in-
“ fernal shapes, clothes them with
“ terror, and pours them unrelent-
“ ing

“ ing on our trembling dejected spi-
“ rits. Imagination exasperates the
“ sense of pain, exaggerates offence,
“ and gives negligence or inattention
“ the semblance of determined ma-
“ lice. Casting a cloud over the fair
“ face of nature, blotting the sun
“ from the firmament, and letting
“ loose the demons of dark disorder,
“ she terrifies and afflicts us. Thus
“ we carry the disease in our bosoms.
“ No change of condition relieves us ;
“ nor fortune, nor power, nor pre-
“ eminence. Let us fly to the re-
“ mote corners of the world, and
“ breathe the air of a thousand re-
“ gions, the fury pursues us, frowns
“ on our hopes, and blasts our en-
“ joyments.

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“ joyments. But we expect deliver-
“ ance in the grave. Vain, fallaci-
“ ous expectation! We lay aside
“ the clayey vesture, but anxiety
“ cleaves to the soul. Our bodies
“ moulder, and are soon consumed,
“ but the spirit remains unaltered;
“ our passions continue vehement;
“ our desires unallayed; our habits
“ adhere tenacious, tenacious as the
“ envenomed robe of the Centaur
“ adhered to the limbs of ALCIDES.
“ Objects may be changed, and even
“ the mode of our existence varied;
“ but the fashion and character of
“ the mind will continue permanent
“ and immutable. Fair is this world,
“ arrayed with light and adorned with
“ beauty;

“ beauty; abounding in pleasures,
“ and yielding enjoyment to every
“ natural desire: but if thy soul pines
“ amid this variety, and scorns the
“ profered blessings,incapable through
“ discontent of enjoying them, an-
“ xiety will pursue thee to the grave,
“ will disturb thy repose, will haunt
“ thee even in Elysium, and in the
“ bowers of bliss will sting thy soul
“ with anguish. Thou wilt fly from
“ light to the glooms and horrors of
“ Tartarean darkness, to wail and
“ howl with malignant spirits, and
“ curse thy deplorable being. O ex-
“ amine thy heart! summon thine
“ opinions before the tribunal of rea-
“ son; nor let imagination aggravate
“ the

“ the evils incident to thy condition.
“ Stay yet a little while, and heaven
“ of its own accord will relieve thee :
“ heaven will send the messenger of
“ death to lay thy gray hairs peace-
“ ful and respected in the grave.
“ Thus thy memory shall be revered :
“ men will say, He sustained adver-
“ sity with resolution ; he maintained
“ the dignity of his nature ; and
“ death, coming at the appointed
“ time, found his mind unimpaired
“ and undaunted. O have mercy on
“ thy soul ! the hour is fast on the
“ wing, when all that breathe, all
“ that are troubled and afflicted shall
“ enjoy repose.”

CLEON

CLEON paused in silent amazement ;
he sighed heavily ; he shed some tears ;
he seemed like one arising from some
hideous phantasma, who having con-
tended all the dreary night with dis-
mal shapes, and monstrous pursu-
ing visions, awakens anxious, trem-
bling, and oppressed. “ I live,” said
he, hesitating and disordered ; “ I
“ breathe ! and the gracious light
“ beams around me ! Eternal hea-
“ vens ! Had I accomplished my hor-
“ rid purpose, ere now I had not
“ been ! I had not breathed ! nor
“ beheld this gracious light. The
“ earth had imbibed my blood ! and
“ the sun viewed my gored carcase
“ with horror ! Poor, aged body !

F

“ did

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“ did I mean to destroy thee? To
 “ expose thee mangled and unseem-
 “ ly? To have disembodied my liv-
 “ ing spirit! To have expelled her
 “ violently from her mansion, to
 “ wander naked, desolate, and for-
 “ lorn! wailing to the dreary winds!
 “ howling with the demons of de-
 “ spair! But heaven interposed in
 “ my favour, and commissioned my
 “ better genius to rescue and pre-
 “ serve me. Generous stranger!
 “ thy wisdom hath upheld me; and
 “ thy compassion hath infused com-
 “ fort into my soul.”

Mean time, LYCON having over-
 heard their discourse, and apprehend-

ing that the fortune of his friend depended on his happy use of the present moment, hastened to take advantage of CLEON's overflowing affection, and declared the quality of EVANDER. CLEON was astonished.

"Whoever you are," said he, "your greeting is inexpressibly cruel.

"The son of ALCINUS! 'Tis false!

"—Go to, I'm a poor old man; my

"soul hath been sorely afflicted,

"and hardly am I recovered from

"a very painful contention. 'Tis

"barbarous to insult me, and

"open the wounds of my heart.

"The son of ALCINUS would have

"slain me! he would have satiated

"his deep revenge; he would have

84 THE SAMIANS,

" aided the destroying steel; he
 " would have exulted in mine
 " utter ruin. But with an affection
 " even filial, this gallant youth
 " hath preserved me. Rude stran-
 " ger! my soul was returning to
 " repose, and it was cruel to renew
 " mine anguish."

" Nay, more to convince thee,"
 replied the CRETAN, " that thy
 " judgment hath been prejudiced
 " and misled, recognize in the ve-
 " nerable priestess, who hath pre-
 " served and protected thy daughter,
 " recognize the widow of ALCE-
 " NUS." " Young man," exclaimed
 the king, turning to EVANDER, " I
 3 " adjure

“ adjure thee by omniscient heaven
“ deliver me from this embarrass-
“ ment.” EVANDER, with a firm
undaunted aspect, replied, “ What
“ heaven may have determined con-
“ cerning the race of ALCINUS, or
“ what may be the issue of this
“ eventful day, I cannot divine ;
“ but be assured, that neither the
“ splendor of royalty, nor wealth,
“ nor dominion, nor the pleasures,
“ if such there are, of gratified
“ vengeance, could ever seduce me
“ to pollute my hands with thy
“ blood. The son of ALCINUS is
“ in thy presence ; but he neither
“ deserves, nor dreads, nor depre-
“ cates thy resentment.”

“ What then am I ?” said the king, feeling the inferiority of his own vindictive nature, compared with the magnanimity of his imagined foe. “ If,” continued he, “ thy attachment to EURYALE is “ not loosened by the intemperate rage of her father, thou “ shalt receive her from my “ hand : due honour shall be paid “ to the memory of ALCINUS : thou “ shalt be restored to the inheritance “ of thine ancestors ; and when “ my gray hairs shall be laid in “ the dust, with EURYALE thou “ shalt ascend my throne.”

EVANDER,

EVANDER, expressing respectful gratitude, bent his knee to the ground. EURYALE at that instant, pale, trembling, and weak with fatigue, leaning on the priestess, approached them. Seeing the humble posture of EVANDER, terrified she exclaimed, "I am the offender; spare him, my father, he hath not merited thy resentment." "O my child," answered CLEON, "he hath merited my grateful esteem. Put away thy sorrows; be for ever united to this gallant youth; thy father consents; he joins your hands; nature hath joined your hearts. Weep not, my child; but they are tears of gladness. O
" happy

“ happy ALTHEA! happy in thy
“ magnanimous son! He hath at-
“ chieved a more glorious conquest
“ than though he had vanquished a
“ bannered host. My life was in
“ his hands; the gates of death were
“ opened; he interposed between
“ my soul and destruction, and hath
“ subdued the resentment and inve-
“ terate rancour of my heart. Like
“ me, had he yielded to revenge,
“ and to injury opposed resentment,
“ direful had been the consequence:
“ this consecrated grove had been
“ polluted with bloodshed, and these
“ shores had resounded with sorrow.
“ May heaven, O my children, for
“ ever cherish and protect you!”

The

The joy of EURYALE was rapturous; and ALTHEA expressed pious gratitude to the Gods. The nuptial ceremony, with sacrifice of thanksgiving, was performed at the holy altar. The priestess, with her children, repaired to SAMOS, where, after staying a space, she returned to her sacred ministry. The friendship of LYCON was generously rewarded. And EURYAE, with EVANDER, resorted frequently to ICARIA, to receive the blessing of their parent, and offer oblations in the temple.

F I N I S.

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